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# Defrosting Memory

Annalise Eberhard

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## Defrosting Memory     *Annalise Eberhard*

When Sylvester Stallone went to cat heaven, I wasn't expecting to find him a month later  
trashbagged in the freezer next to the blueberries and discounted Easter candy.

Mom said she forgot to bury him.

So I forgot to tell her that I was defrosting him in the attic.

I tiptoed climbed the stairs that night,

Covered in the squeaky wall sounds and gurglegargle digestion of the refrigerator.

He didn't look too good.

Kinda droopy like a balloon fart-dancing around the room until it's out of farts and  
squeaks into a puddle on the ground.

Or maybe he just looked like a forgotten Fudgscicle.

I like Fudgscicles.

Poked him in his belly a bit, but he didn't stir.

Didn't do nothing but be a lazy puddle of wet cat.

So I made him wear Bitty Baby's pajamas

And rocked him back-n-forth-like until he got soggy cat smell all over me

And I had to go to the bathroom to wash it off

And I forgot about him and got sleepy and went to bed on accidents.

Next day Mom found him when it got summerhot.

She must have smelled him cause he was being a little stinky-PU all curled up in his  
pajamas with no one to play with.

I never saw Sylvester Stallone again

Even though I checked the freezer for a whooooole week.

Just blueberries and discounted Easter candy.

*Years later I tried to mold this memory into some grand metaphor--*

*Tried to curl it around my heart,*

*let it dance within my sinews and fill my lungs with short puffs of meaning.*

*But I couldn't.*

*Because sometimes a memory is just a memory,*

*And a squishy dead cat is just a squishy dead cat.*